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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

MY SHIPS.

Ah, years ago—no matter where,
Beneath what roof or sky,
I dreamed of days, perhaps remote,
When ships of mine that were afloat
Should in the harbor lie,
And all the costly freights they bore
Enrich me both in land and store.

What dreams there were of argosies,
Laden in many a clime;
So stoutly built, so bravely manned,
No fear but they would come to land
At their appointed time;
And I should see them, one by one,
Close furl their sails in summer's sun.

And then, while men in wonder stood,
My ships I would unlade;
My treasures vast they should behold,
And to my learning and my gold
What honors would be paid!
And though the years might come and go,
I could but wiser, richer grow.

In later years—no matter where,
Beneath what roof or sky,
I saw the dreams of days remote
Fade out, and ships that were afloat,
As drifting wrecks go by,
And all the many freights they bore
Lay fathoms deep or strewed the shore.

While ships of which I never thought
Were sailing o'er the sea;
And one by one, with costlier lade,
In safety all the voyage made,
And brought their freights to me;
What I had lost but trifle seemed,
And I was richer than I dreamed.

No wondering crowd, with envious eye,
Looked on my treasures rare;
Yet they were weightier far than gold,
They still increase, though I grow old,
And are beyond compare.
Would all the restless hearts I see
Had ships like those that came to me!

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A SIGNIFICANT AND PROGRESSIVE ATTITUDE.

The announcement last Sunday by the pastor of the First "Christian" Church of Berkeley, that he is in favor of receiving to membership in his church persons who have been baptized by sprinkling places him in the front rank of progressives in his denomination. This has been advocated to some extent in that religious body, but so far as we know only two churches have as yet taken such position—one in Chicago and one at Vacaville, California. The Christian Century, published in Chicago, and edited by Dr. Willett of the University of Chicago, has championed such an arrangement for some time. But it is the least in circulation of the influential papers representing that church, and the others have taken strong ground against it. No later than July of this year, in discussing the question of admitting non-immersed believers from other denominations when they came into those districts on the foreign mission field in which there was only a "Christian" or Disciple church, The Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, their most representative paper, declared practically that it was to be preferred that such persons should, through lack of fellowship and Christian oversight, lapse into heathenism again rather than the bars should be thus let down by receiving affusionists.

The Christian Evangelist said editorially at that time:

"We claim not that immersion is a better baptism than sprinkling, but that it is the only baptism. We believe that affusion can no more be performed in the name of Christ than can any other human substitute for a divine commandment. We could as consistently receive Quakers into the membership of the churches as we could rceive affusionists."

And the word to the churches in India where the problem appears to have been just there the most pressing was: "Let them provide the method by which the commandment of Christ and not some Romish substitute shall be honored."

The Berkeley church is to vote on this proposition this week. Of course there will be opposition, but inasmuch as the church is in our University City and contains many people of progressive ideas, it is probable that the Rev. Mr. Loken will be able to lead it to take the desired step.

This, we understand, means the reception only by letter of unimmersed persons, and all persons uniting on profession of faith will be required to receive baptism by immersion. It is only a step—but it is a step in the right direction. Sometime, however, our sister church will come to the Congregational position—allowing candidates for membership to choose for themselves the mode of baptism."

AFTER FORTY-FIVE YEARS!

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day, the pastor emeritus, who said, in the course of his sermon:

"I have never regretted the decision which led me to invest my life in the ministry. Many changes have taken place since I was ordained and this is becoming a new world as I now see things. If I were young again, would I be a minister again? I would. There have been great changes but the essential facts have not changed. Human nature, its wants, its possibilities, do not change. My heart is in the ministry. The best things in my life, the mightiest incentives which have moved me and the clearest unfolding of the love of God and all that wakes and sleeps in the human heart, are in the pastor's pulpit, in the pastor's study. He deals with every class and condition, faces every human problem, meets the whole range of humanity; and in all this he is required to be at his best and there is room for his best and always incentive to do his best."

Dr. Day entered the ministry in 1866. Seventeen years of service have been given to Los Angeles as pastor and pastor emeritus in such a manner as to build his life into the life of that city and all Southern California for all time.

Pacific Coast Congregationalism is thankful for the unique and beautiful and influential ministry of the father and son—Dr. Warren F. Day and Dr. William Horace Day, in Los Angeles.

"CHRISTIANS AND JEWS."

Under the foregoing caption the California Christian Advocate says:

"The First Congregational Church, San Francisco, and the Temple Emmanu-el united in a Thanksgiving service in the Temple Emmanu-el, Dr. Aked preaching the sermon. We do not think such a service has elements of sincerity. It appears to stand for a condition of things which does not exist. We believe in promoting good feeling everywhere. Such a service misrepresents the Jewish idea of Christ and seriously compromises the Congregational teaching respecting the redemptive truth of the gospel. It is well enough to do all we can do to promote a brotherly feeling between the Christians and the Jews, but it is never right to compromise the divine character of Jesus Christ. There is nothing making deeper inroads into the life of the Church than the light and thoughtless way in which the Divine character of Jesus Christ is regarded. If Christ is the Savior of the world then he should be treated as the Savior of the world. If he is a Buddha, a Confucius or a Mohammed then we might take liberties with his name and with his office. The Congregational church has everything to lose, nothing to gain; the Temple

Emmanu-el has everything to gain and nothing to lose. Such a public definition of Congregationalism is, we believe, an injustice to that body. It is not an exhibition of breadth, generous and hospitable feeling as it seems to be, but a temporary surrender of the supremacy of Christ and in a very real way the nullification of his divine right. Unless we wholly misapprehend the principles involved, Dr. Aked, in courtesy, could only preach Christ in the Temple Emmanu-el within the definition of that Temple. That sort of an attempt to be broad appeals to some, but we think a sober second thought will convince any one that contradictory as it may at first seem Christ can be Christ only when He is supreme. He must be, always be, King of kings, because He is King of kings."

This is the first intimation that we have ever had that Thanksgiving was intended for the preaching of Christ. The Advocate says: "Dr. Aked, in courtesy, could only preach Christ in the Temple Emmanu-el within the definition of that Temple." It is not likely that Dr. Aked wished to preach Christ at all in Temple Emmanu-el. Dr. Aked and his people desired to give thanks to God for the mercies and blessings of the year, as President Taft counseled them to do in his Thanksgiving proclamation. And that, they could do in a Jewish temple and along with Jews as well as anywhere else; and in our opinion just as acceptably to God as elsewhere.

When, in the history of our country, we ask the California Christian Advocate, has any president ever called on the people to assemble on Thanksgiving Day and preach Christ?

Such a course as The Advocate would have the Christian churches pursue would preclude them and their individual members from much of that co-operation in the various walks and works of life which has been found to be for the good of men and the glory of God.

Christianity had its roots in Judaism. Jesus of Nazareth, the great Head of the Church, frequented the Jewish synagogue and the temple. Dr. Stalker says in "Imago Christi": "When He quitted the privacy of Nazareth and began his public work, He was still a regular frequenter of the synagogue. This was in fact the center from which His work developed itself. 'He wrought miracles in the synagogues of Galilee.' Nor was He neglectful of the other center of Jewish worship—the Temple at Jerusalem. He regularly attended the feasts. He sat down with his disciples in Jerusalem to eat the Passover, and He preached in the courts of the temple. He sent Peter to fetch out of the fish's mouth a coin to pay for him the temple tax, and He passed a glowing eulogium on the widow who cast her mite into the temple collecting-box."

Surely, from the example of Christ no ground can be found for condemning the Congregationalists for giving thanks to God in company with Jews for the blessings which have crowned the year.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Rev. W. C. Merritt, who did splendid work for the International Sunday-school Association in the Pacific Northwest, has been transferred to the Southwest, and has his home now in our Southern California college town—Claremont.

The First Presbyterian Church of Seattle claims an active communicant roll of 4,616. Since Dr. Matthews took the pastorate ten years ago he has welcomed 7,000 persons into membership. Out of the First Church have been organized seven others and three more are contemplated for the year 1912.

The Rev. Arthur Hicks has entered on his work as student pastor for the Presbyterian Church at the University of California. The chairman of the synod committee writes concerning this movement as follows in The Pacific Presbyterian: "In inaugurating this work at the state institution, the Synod of California has taken one of the most important steps yet made in the development of Presbyterian interests on the coast. For a number of years a few of those most closely in touch with the situation have felt that the church was facing a responsibility at the State school which she could no longer ignore. Students from our denomination in the university greatly outnumber those of any other religious organization. It consequently behooved us as a denomination to take the lead in initiating evangelical work among the students of this state university in line with the work that has already been undertaken at a number of state universities in the East. At the meeting of synod in Fresno last year a special committee was appointed to look after the work at the State University. At the recommendation of this committee this year synod, by unanimous vote, created the position of Presbyterian University Pastor at Berkeley, and elected to this position Rev. Arthur Hicks, whose efficient work as Synodical Sunday-school Missionary is well known throughout the synod. The Board of Education has agreed to pay Mr. Hicks' salary together with a certain amount for incidental expenses for the first year on the express understanding that an earnest effort shall be made by the congregations throughout the synod to increase their contributions to the board to such an extent as will at least reimburse the board for the extra expenditure." The chairman of the synod committee, who is Professor C. Biddle of the University, says: "The work which has been thus auspiciously begun demands the continued and enthusiastic support of every Presbyterian congregation in the Synod of California. With such support Presbyterian activities in the State University, we trust, will play a large part in shaping the educational and religious ideals of many of our students."

Under the caption of "Misrepresented San Francisco," a pleasing article from the pen of the Rev. George Lawton of Owosso, Michigan, appeared in the Congregationalist for December 2. We quote in part: "San Francisco is universally held to be, as one states, 'the citadel of crime, the familiar home and haunt of the drunkard, the harlot, the gambler and the libertine.' It stands as the most bitterly assailed city on earth. It is regarded as the place where man's untamed baser instincts have full sway. Now my recent stay in San Francisco, while supplying Dr. Aked's pulpit, was of six week's duration. In my wanderings I found that a previous newspaper training stood me in good stead. I roved the city from center to circumference. I talked with policemen, saloon keepers, slum workers, politicians and newspaper men. In company with ministers and other church officials I investigated the social conditions, and I declare that San Francisco is one of the most bitterly maligned cities in the world. This does not mean that there is an absence of that which ought to be condemned. The city has its Barbary Coast, where licentiousness is unrestricted, gambling unrestrained, where the victims of man's greed and lust are to be seen by the thou-

sands. But London has its Whitechapel, New York has its Bowery, indeed all the large cities in this and other countries have their red-light districts. Evil no more obtrudes itself in San Francisco than elsewhere. If a man is caught in its meshes it is because he has sought it out. Apart from the intent of his own heart he is as safe from the snares of wickedness in San Francisco as he would be in any other seaport town." Concerning the church life Mr. Lawton says: "Evangelical Christianity is not fighting for its life, with every indication that the battle is a losing one, as some of us have been led to suppose. I found in the church life just as much enthusiasm, as much well-directed energy, as much unity of purpose and as much concentrated zeal as I found in other cities. It is aggressive, vigilant and successful. Mr. Lawton, who is a Baptist, says of San Francisco Congregationalism: "Its membership and ministry are composed of men and women of vision, of spacious hopes concerning the future of the denomination, of large and imperialistic views of the Kingdom of God. And with the accession of Dr. Aked to the pulpit of First Church, it may reasonably be expected that it will go forward strongly into the future." Thank you, Mr. Lawton, for your sane estimate of San Francisco!

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Dr. Jowett's ministry in New York City is a success evidently, and his spirituality is a leavening influence in a large number of lives. The Fifth Avenue Church of which he is pastor seats 1900, and nearly every Sunday many are turned away—at times as many as 200. The mid-week meeting has an attendance of about 500.

The Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, has secured $200,000 toward a $300,000 endowment. The New York Observer says: "The pastor and the laymen in official positions hold that churches unable within the next few years to secure adequate endowments may be forced to sell and depart from the island. Changes such as have taken place in no other city in the world are impending in New York. It is not that the churches are failing. It is merely the peculiar conditions of the site, with an island as its center which is destined to become, in a very short time, the downtown center."

A London Unitarian paper comments as follows on the work of the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan: "Last Sunday Dr. Campbell Morgan entered upon the eighth year of his remarkable ministry at Westminster Chapel. In the evening he preached a noble and searching sermon on Christian righteousness to a congregation which filled the great building to overflowing. There have been few more remarkable testimonies in recent years to the power of a strong religious personality than this crowded congregation which fills Westminster Chapel every Sunday, and the great company which assembles on Friday evenings for the Bible lecture. The service is quite bald in its simplicity. The preacher has a quiet dignity of manner, without a touch of sensationalism or the false arts of the demagogue. He preaches long sermons and demands close attention; and yet men and women crowd to hear him as they go to some popular place of amusement. What is the secret of this strange compelling power over the souls of men?"

In a recent address on "The Church and Industry," the Rev. Charles R. Brown said: "The church has a ministry in the industrial world. Wage earners have been asking for a solution of their problems. So these men turn to the Christian church, and rightly so, for we have the words of eternal life. Church members do not enjoy preaching on industrial subjects. Too many ask for the "simple gospel"; this, they say, is what they want, and not economics. If the laymen and business men would only take up these industrial problems in their places of business and settle them, then the preachers would be free to preach for years from the seventeenth chapter of John. The Kingdom of Heaven can only come by the introduction of the principles of the sermon on the mount into the world of work. As far as the church has caught Christ's spirit so far has it been the herald of the better life for man. The common people do not care for theological questions. The gospel is just as much a necessity where men are toiling and sweating as where they sing and pray. 'Remember the week day to keep it holy.' When this is done it will mean the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven in the world of work. The church must stand for spiritual authority and human sympathy. It is like the shield which must be seen from both sides. Never must we fail to see through the other man's eyes, for this means human sympathy."

The Rev. Dr. Carson of New York, the moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, made a tour through the West recently. Out of his experiences he writes: "Conditions in the West have wholly changed in fifteen years, as they have in the East. A decade and a half ago, certainly a quarter of a century ago, the Presbyterian Church, in common with others, was a field, and only in small measure a force. The concern of its members was to secure and to insure salvation. Such their purpose, they were in the churches on Sundays, and so-called church attendance was possible to be gauged. Today church members, and especially laymen, are engaged in many forms of religious effort, as, missions, Y. M. C. A., brotherhoods, Christian endeavor, Sunday-school and social service, and Presbyterianism is, like other bodies, a force rather than a field. Out at work as teachers and preachers, members are not in the churches, and church atendance on Sundays cannot be gauged." "I am convinced," says the moderator, "after careful study of conditions West and East, in the South and on the coast, that if there could be a line-up, as there could be when people thought they did their whole duty by attending public worship in the churches, the showing would be far ahead of that of fifteen to twenty-five years ago. Things have not grown worse but better. The talk about decrease in church attendance comes from those who have not studied the real situation."

A SAN DIEGO PREACHER BEFORE THE SOCIALISTS.

An Address on "Class Consciousness."

The Rev. Willard B. Thorp, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Diego, having said in a sermon some things with which the Socialists of that city did not agree they invited him to come to their hall and address them on Sunday evening, December 3. Mr. Thorp accepted the invitation, and was busy preparing for the engagement when the editor of The Pacific saw him for a few minutes the day before in his study. The San Diego Union of December 4, in commenting on the Sunday evening meeting, said:

"A crowded auditorium greeted Rev. Willard B.

Thorp at Germania hall when he arose to deliver his address on Socialism last night. The gathering included a number of persons drawn thither by curiosity, but the great majority of the audience were out-and-out Socialists. At the conclusion of the first part of his address the speaker was literally plied with questions, all dealing with social problems, although some of them had a religious or a theological bearing. So numerous and eager were these questions that E. E. Kirk, who acted as chairman, had difficulty in seeing that each querist was recognized in rightful order."

Mr. Thorp spoke on "Class Consciousness," and said in part:

"I esteem it a privilege to be the bearer of a fraternal message to you at this time. You are meeting here from week to week to face the economic problem of human society. You are keenly conscious that there is such a problem. So am I. A line separates those who know that there is such a problem from those who do not know it; and you and I are on the same side of that line.

A Leaning Toward Socialism.

"You believe, and so do I, that we are approaching a point at which the competitive struggle for existence must be superseded by a higher principle, the way of Christ, the way of co-operation and brotherhood. You believe that the solution of the social problem lies in the inauguration of what you call the co-operative commonwealth, something which involves ultimately the reorganization of industry, all industry, along the lines of brotherhood, and the elimination eventually of the mercenary element from human life. It is one of the biggest and most beautiful ideas that has ever dawned upon the human mind. If the cherishing of that ideal constitutes a man a Socialist, then I am a Socialist.

"I confess to you that I see no revolution and no evolution that is going to bring that to pass. And yet by faith I see it afar. Many things must come to pass first. I see long lines of waves coming in on the beach, and they must break and spend themselves one by one. But somewhere, far out in the deep, the wave is gathering that will bring that commonwealth of equality and brotherhood of which we dream.

"And now, having declared to you my social creed, I turn to my present theme, class-consciousness. You are teaching this: That the central outstand fact of the social problem is that the working class are being exploited by the capitalistic class; that the owners of land and machinery have got a cinch upon the laboring man which enables them to compel him to work for a pittance, while they grow rich upon the proceeds of his labor. You say that the working class need to be awakened to this fact, so that they may rise up as one man, throw off this incubus that rests upon them, take possession of the tools of industry and administer them co-operatively for their own benefit. This you call the awakening of class-consciousness, and it is one of the cardinal points in your creed.

"Now, I have three things to say to this: First, that I do not believe this is the central fact in the social problem, and I hold that the man who thinks it is is concentrating his attention on a fraction only of the situation. It is true that the competitive sruggle works grave hardship to the working class. But it is also true that the same pinch is felt all along the line. Go to the business man, and you will find him in the grip of the same system that is pinching you. He can't do business on any other basis. He has to compete or go to the wall. If you were in his place, you would have to do just the same.

Bigger Than a Class Struggle.

"Now this means that we are in the midst of something bigger than a class struggle. It is the system that is at fault, and in that system we are all involved. The capitalist is as helpless to change it by any action of his own as you are. Consequently any agitation that leads one class to cast the blame of the situation upon some other class and to believe that it is the victim of the cupidity and conspiracy of that class, is based on a very partial view of the situation. We are all involved in the trouble together. It is as much to the interest of one class as of another to get out of it. And it is only by the concerted action of all classes, of the whole business and industrial world, that a way out can be achieved.

"My second objection to your class consciousness is that it cuts you off from the fellowship and help of multitudes of men in these very classes you are attacking, who have the same ideals and aspirations that you have. I hear you calling each other 'comrade.' I am appealing for a bigger comradeship. I don't know why you should not call me comrade, or many men of the capitalistic class who cherish the same ideals that you do. I should like to see some of your leaders and a dozen leading men in this city whom I could name, who have the consciousness of the big social problem, get together, not once but frequently, get to know one another and have confidence in each other. It would do them good, and it would do you good. It would make for that larger comradeship which I advocate, and it would help to mitigate that class antagonism which I deplore.

Conditions Dangerous.

"The third reason why I oppose your class-consciousness is because in itself it is dangerous. There is a type of Socialist who is hurting the cause, just as there is a type of Christian who is hurting the church. It is the man who is a Socialist just because he is a kicker. He would be a kicker under any system. In the co-operative commonwealth itself there would have to be a place for kickers to meet and cry, 'Smash things!' These people are in your ranks, and they make more noise than the rest, but they are no help to your cause, and some of you know it.

"Now, if you want rioting and dynamiting to occur, this is the way to produce it—to stir up hatred, suspicion and distrust on the part of one class toward another. You say you do not countenance violence. But when you stir up those passions of class hatred, you set in motion forces that are certain to produce it. Fill a man's heart full of 'class-consciousness,' tell him that a certain other class is engaged in a great conspiracy to rob him and his fellows and keep them down, lead him to distrust everything they do and put a hostile construction on it, tell him that nothing will abolish these wrongs but a revolution, and you needn't be surprised if he proceeds to do a little original work of his own in that direction. Those ideas are seething within him. They must have some outlet. You give him nothing positive and constructive to do. And the result is a case like that of the man who was found making bombs in this city last week. I have great sympathy for that man. He needs to be sent to school but it should be a different kind of eduction than what he has been getting. The Appeal to Reason has done all it can for him and he needs to pass on to another grade.

The McNamara Case.

"We are all thinking tonight of those two McNamara

boys in Los Angeles. I know them personally. I have been to their prison cell and talked with them and my heart goes out to them tonight. It is the kind of class-consciousness I am deploring that led them to do what they did. And it was a stupendous blunder. They did it to help the cause; and it has hurt the cause. A man might go to prison for fifteen years with a happy heart if he felt that he had really done something that struck a big blow for the cause. But to go to prison for something that was not only a crime but a blunder and a set-back to the cause one loves—that is pretty hard.

"Gent'emen, the ideals of Christ can only be attained by the methods of Christ. When we abandon those methods, when we cease to practice the golden rule, when we nurse hatred and suspicion and vengeance in our hearts, we are enemies to the cause of social progress. That is the lesson that has been sent abroad from Los Angeles within the past few days. It was the appeal to the spirit of Christ that led those men to do one Christlike thing, namely, tell the truth. And it was the appeal to the spirit of Christ that prompted the leading men of the city to meet their confession in the spirit of kindness. If this event, which now stands before us in its naked truth, shall inaugurate a new era of fraternal fee'ing between men of all classes, it will not have occurred in vain."

A SEATTLE PREACHER ADVISES AN ANTI-UGLINESS CAMPAIGN.

Old age and ugliness are called "preventable diseases" by the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of the Queen Anne Congregational Church, Seattle. Recently he said in a sermon:

There are thousands of people in Seattle growing older and uglier every year. It is preventable—just as preventable as tuberculosis. There ought to be begun an Anti-Ug'iness and Anti-Senility Campaign. The saddest sight on earth is to see a little child start out with an angel face and finish at 70 with the face of a brute. We forget that an immortal being was not made to grow old. Wherever men grow old and ugly, something is happening that is preventable.

I went to little Beryl Finch's party last week. There were a dozen little children at the party. They were beautiful and young—as beautiful as heaven and as young as immortality. Years didn't count. Anxiety had no place in their lives.

I say a bevy of women next day on the street going to an afternoon party. They were dressed up "fit to kill." The slang is used advisedly for it expresses the truth. I saw a crowd of men in the lobby of a hotel, talking business and politics. They were all old. As compared with Beryl Finch's little friends, they were ugly.

What has happened? Where has the beauty and youth of childhood gone? Answer me that and you'll know what kind of medicine humanity wants—and in large doses.

To grow old and get ugly, to have the face of a child pass into the face of cunning and avarice, is preventable. One ought never to lose the child's face and heart with which the Heavenly Father starts him.

Let me speak of beauty a moment. It is of God, not of the devil. To be beautiful is a natural and divine desire. The Bible is in fact a text-book on beauty. It talks about the beauty of holiness. The one thing it insists on is that in order to have a beautiful face there must be a good heart. Without love in the heart, there can be no love on the face. This accounts for the fact that thousands of women who would give a fortune to be called beautiful have unlovely faces. Their jewels and silks only emphasize their ugliness. Where is the beautiful face with which they started in childhood? They need to become as little children again. A man who lives entirely on rent and interest for thirty years is bound to grow ugly. His face becomes hard, certain lines of selfishness appear, a cunning appears in his eyes that reminds you of the fox. He is losng his soul, for he is doing no service for mankind.

The individual is not altogether to blame for his ugliness. When society compels a man to work twe!ve hours a day in a steel mill and seven days in a week, it forces him to grow ugly.

Now as to growing old; it is preventable. You say it is natural to grow old. I reply one kind of nature only. There is a law of nature which, obeyed, will keep you ever young. An immortal being was not intended to grow old.

My friend, Dr. James Campbe'l, says: "Only as a man's ideals are lowered has he begun to grow old; only when he lets go his hopes and aspirations does he show signs of decrepitude." He is right.

When a man stops playing he begins to get old. Old fogyism, i. e., inability to change habits, is a sign of old age. When a man fails to see any good except in a few set things, he is getting old. A stand-patter is an old man, no matter when his birth occurred.

There is a way to stay young, or to become young again. Here is a way to be beautiful or to restore beauty if lost. It is to become as litt'e children, to be born again. Beauty is of the heart; if not there, it can never be put on the face. Eternal youth belongs to anyone who will reach out his hands and claim it.

Turn to Matthew (Revised Version) sixth chapter, and read from the 24th verse to the end of the chapter, "Consider how the lilies grow," not what is said about "anxiety"—if you will practice for one year what is said there, you will become beautiful and grow young. Old age and ugliness are preventab'e diseases. The ugliest face can be cured. Believe me, this is God's truth. The recipe will work."

SOME THOUGHTS ON SIN AND HOW TO GET RID OF IT.

By J. A. B. Orr.

Pastor Congregational Church of Santa Cruz.

I. Sin never keeps its promise. Max Muller studied the Hebrew and Greek of the original Scripture words translated sin. He says: "There lies in these etymologies the deep conviction that man in sinning has never attained what he sought; that sin is essentially a delusion and a fraud." The word most used means "to miss the mark." Start a youth toward happiness by a path of sin and he is sure to miss the mark. The archer bending the bow of wrong doing and shooting the arrow of iniquity will not strike the target of well-being.

II. Sin has no independent existence.

God made the forest and quarry, man the city and house. Houses and towns have no independent existence. God makes grain, man liquor; God made man sober, man makes himself drunk. Realize that evil exists by our consent. Dishonesty, falsehood, impurity, die the moment we refuse them place in our thoughts.

III. Sin is sham, delusion, fraud, Crossing Texas recently I saw a mirage. This desert phenomenon is real in that it has the appearance of water; it is unreal in that

it is not what it seems. Had the tourist seen a fainting man struggling toward the mirage for water he would have hastened to explain the optical illusion as a sham, delusion, fraud. Not dissimilar is sin. Every sinner is deceived. Men follow strong drink in hopes of quenching thirst, but fall finally with parched lips and burning brain. Women search for pleasure and find pain because they follow sin. Amelia B. Edwards describes a character: "Instead of home she has chosen society—instead of love, the admiration, or envy, of a careless world; instead of paradise the mirage of the desert."

IV. Sin never satisfies. Review our three axioms and see why the fourth is true. It does not keep its promise; it is unreal; it has no independent existence. Sin and salt water are alike—both appear to relieve but really create thirst. Sane shipwrecked men do not drink ocean water. As Coleridge says in Ancient Mariner: "Water, water, everywhere, yet no water could we drink." The more one indulges in any sin the greater demand is made for more. Habit grows by what it feeds on.

V. Sin is misplaced confidence. Youths and maidens believe wrong-doing brings peace and pleasure. Novels make bad people prosper but Shakespeare follows every sin to its nemesis. Young people sink their teeth in apples of Sodom only to find them full of ashes. He who bids goodbye to his conscience will realize some day his error and cry for its return. Strangers place confidence in a "confidence" man and lose money; inexperienced people confide in sin and soon discover happiness and self-respect have fled. All wrong-doing is untrustworthy.

The Way Out.

How can we rid ourselves of the nightmare of sin? Fully awake, deny its reality and confess the truth. Back of every sin is a virtue. Longing for food leads Jean Valjean to steal bread. Hunger is natural; bread is good; only the means employed was wrong. Back of impurity is purity. There could be no impurity if there were no purity. Men swear because we are created with natures seeking the Infinite. The lips that will not pray and praise will curse and swear. Reverence underlies all irreverence. Money in itself is neither honest nor dishonest. It is the love of money which is a root of evil. The poet sees this and writes:

"Meed of the toiler," "Flame of the sea,"
Such were the names of your poets for me.
"Metal of Mammon," "Curse of the world."
These are the libels your preachers have hurled.
Dug from the mountain side, washed in the glen,
Servant am I or the master of men.
Steal me, I curse you; earn me, I bless you;
Grasp me and hoard me, a fiend shall possess you.
Lie for me, die for me, covet me, take me.
Angel or devil, I am what you make me."

The Bible gives simple rules how to dispel the illusion of sin: Become dead to sin; alter your dress; change your walk; cultivate new thoughts; seek a perfect example. Let no one be discouraged.

"Every day is a fresh beginning!
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!
In spite of old sorrows and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again."

No one can say failure until he has striven. "They fail and they alone who have not striven." We are conquerors over sin by following the Perfect Example—Christ. Sydney Lanier sings:

"What mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp or sleep's or death's—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good paragon, Thou Crystal Christ?"

THANKSGIVING DAY IN LOS ANGELES.

W. N. Burr.

As to weather, Southern California's Thanksgiving Day this year was a perfect day. There was an invigorating snap in the air as we sped away from the foothill home in the early morning, the auto-ride not quite so youthfully bouyant as the old-time Thanksgiving sleigh-ride, but just as alluring in its own up-to-date way. But the breath of the Northland did not linger long. As the forenoon advanced the sun waxed warmer and warmer, and when ten o'clock found us a-foot in Los Angeles, comfort beckoned to the shady side of the street.

Blessed is the country minister who can go to church in the city on Thanksgiving Day! Sometimes it is the only day in all the year when he can sit in a pew beside his wife and listen to another man's sermon.

This year the Union Thanksgiving service for the central section of Los Angeles was held in the First Baptist church, and the Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., of Immanuel Presbyterian Church was the preacher. Other sections of the city had their own union services, but this was the convocation of the "Firsts."

Dr. Walker, after a pastorate of fourteen years with Immanuel Church, seems inclined to give the great flock which he has so well shepherded into other hands, if the Presbytery will let him do so, and give himself to a church in Atlanta, Georgia, which has been making loud calls for him. Atlanta will get a cargo of full-weight, yard-wide optimism if she gets Dr. Walker. It is characteristic of the man that he should turn to Nehemiah 8:10 for a text for a Thanksgiving sermon: "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." The Thanksgiving flavor is in every word of that passage from the Sacred Book—both the flavor of the spiritual message of the day, and of the Thanksgiving dinner. The sizzling brown turkey, the kindly remembrance of the poor and unfortunate, and the Thanksgiving church service—it is all packed into Nehemiah's sunshiny exhortation.

"It sounds like a modern Thanksgiving proclamation," said Dr. Walker. The unexpected had happened. Ezra had just been reading the wonderful words of the law to the people. He might naturally have expected from them joyful response to the words of the Lord. But instead of breaking forth into joy 'all the people wept when they heard the words of the law.' Perhaps they were inclined to chafe under its restrictions. Perhaps they felt that the standards were too high for them. Very likely they felt that it would be hard for them to get down to the old-time way of the old-time religion. Whatever it may have been that took hold of them as the words of the law were read in their hearing, it caused weeping rather than rejoicing. Then Nehemiah said to them, 'Go and eat a good dinner, and send something to those who cannot provide a dinner for themselves. Don't be sorry—looking on the hard, dark side of things. 'God's in His heaven, all's right

with the world,' even though all things in the world are not right yet; and the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Possibly Dr. Walker was not guilty of the above anachronism—I rather think he did not represent Nehemiah as quoting Browning; but it was "words to that effect" that he put into the mouth of the optimistic Jewish statesmen. I am not reporting Dr. Walker's exact words—just skimming a little of his cream with my own skimmer.

"Sometimes," said he, "the speaker at a Thanksgiving service has been known to picture current shadows and gloom—wraiths that hover about the ship of state, and then to work in an exhortation to thanksgiving in spite of the perils that threaten. But I always feel like protesting when a man becomes mournful on Thanksgiving Day. When some one spoke lugubriously once concerning a crisis in he Church of England a courageous bishop thundered: 'There is a crisis in the Church of England every year, but the Church of England moves on to victory.' We may be having our apprehensions just now, but we need not be bound down to them. We should be looking out over a wide range. A golden note sounds forth.

"Peple sometimes regard the Old Testament as a somber book, darkened by heavy Sinai-clouds. But this is a wrong conception. The Old Testament religion was radiant with joy.

"'The joy of the Lord is your strength,' said Nehemiah. We are like'y to be thinking of this subjectively; but I think it is His joy that is our strength—the joy of God's own heart.

"1. The joy of the Lord creates that self-reliance which distinguishes a great soul. As I read Henry Van Dyke's book on 'American Institutions.' I felt as I never had before that it was the joy of the Lord that gave to our ancestors the self-reliant spirit that so distinguished them. Phillips Brooks once said that we have emphasized too much the gloom and austerity of the Puritans. It was the joy of the Lord in their breasts that made them the men of srength that they were. Abraham Lincoln was criticized as perhaps no other man was ever criticized, but he stood up under it all, the joy of the Lord strengthening him. When the arrows were flying thickest about him he issued a proclamation for a day of thanksgiving. The Pilgrims were a se'f-reliant folk, the self-reliant children of a self-reliant ancestry. No doubt some who came to America in 1620 and thereabout came prompted by the spirit of adventure; but most of them faced bravely the known and unknown dangers of the new land, eager only to find a place where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. When a man suffers for his religion, strength comes. I pray God that Los Angeles may come to an experience that shall call into action her latent strength, born of the joy of the Lord.

"2. The joy of the Lord means the sure defeat of pessimistic philosophy. Jesus had a right to be a pessimist if ever one had that right, but the joy of the Lord gave him vision of the joy that was set before him. Pessimism attacks the citadel of faith, but it can never prevail. We are sometimes told in these days that preaching is losing its power; but that is not true. Twenty-six years ago not a native Korean was worshipping Christ. preachers of the gospel of Christ have been at work in Korea during the last quarter of a century, and today a half-million Koreans are bowing humbly at the foot of the cross. China is racked with disturbance just now, but China is coming more and more into the light. At the time of the Boxer troubles there were one hundred thousand Christian communicants among the people of China; today there are five hundred thousand. Preaching is not losing its power in lands beyond the sea, nor yet in this country.

"Some things may interfere with our joy, of course. Here in our own land the awful ravages of the liquor traffic, for example, are terrible to contemplate; but let the joy of the Lord into your souls and—victory!

"3. The joy of the Lord assures a crowned life. A Christian should be so Christian as to scorn scorn, to hate hate, and to love love. To love him who is not lovable is difficult, but in the joy of the Lord we can do it. The kingdom of se'f-pleasing, self-seeking is not our kingdom. In the joy of the Lord a man can be at peace with all the world, and want his neighbors to be. 'Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord: neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Dr. Walker's sermon was a "Be of good cheer" message to the people of Los Angeles who love righteousness, spoken almost on the eve of the great election.

La Canada, Cal.

BOOKS BY CALIFORNIA PASTORS.

Three new books by California pastors are before us—"The Presence," by the Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell of Sierra Madre; "A Way of Honor," by the Rev. Dr. Henry Kingman of Claremont; and "Perspectives of the Spirit," by the Rev. Dr. Willard Brown Thorp of San Diego.

"The Presence."

In this volume the Rev. Dr. Campbell traces the doctrine of the Divine Presence in all its manifold unfoldings along the line of the ever-increasing revelation of God to man. The fact of the Presence is assumed as is also the fact that God has never slackened his effort to make His presence known and felt. "Breaking through all earthly encasements, shining more and more unto the perfect day of spiritual vision, the Presence has culminated in the Parousia of Christ, in whose glorious radiance we now stand," says the author. "It is therefore something more than the vital immanence,' for which the Modernists in the Roman Catholic Church so stoutly contend. It is also a redeeming immanence, being nothing less than Christ in the heart the hope of glory, and Christ in the world the hope of the triumph of truth and of the enthronements of righteousness."

This study by Dr. Campbell not only leads up to Christ it terminates in him. "It finds in him the omega as well as the alpha,, the self-revelation of God to men. It makes the hope and glory of the future the manifestation of his hidden presence, which is now through the operation of the Holy Spirit the object of Christian faith and the source of Christian experience."

Among the things postulated of the All-Embracing Presence is: "He is the ultimate object of human thought and quest." Of the precocious boy who said to his father, "How do you know there is a God? I never bumped up against him," Dr. Campbell says that he has only to wait long enough and travel far enough to find that at the end of his thinking and searching he will come up against him. "From anyone who thinks things through he is inescapable. He is an intellectual necessity—the final resting place of the spirit of man. He is greater than our philosophies. There is more of him than can be seen, more than can be said, more than can be known."

Considering the Presence as veiled in nature, in providence and in the soul, the author goes on to a consideration of it as localized and limited in the Old Testament; as visualized and personalized in the incarnation; as spiritualized in the resurrection of Jesus, and universalized in the Holy Spirit. Then it is considered as it now is in its varied operations and manifestations, and finally as it is to be in its final unfoldings at the end of the age and in the world to come.

One feels as he turns the pages of this book that Christ is not receding into the past, his name and influence growing fainter as one generation succeeds another; but that he is living in the world today just as truly as when he walked among men in the garments of flesh.

"Warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee."

We shall place this volume by Dr. Campbell, one of many by him, in a place of honor on our book shelves alongside "The Indwelling Christ," which was written by him sixteen years ago.

It is published by Eaton & Mains, 150, Fifth Avenue, New York. $1.00 net.

"A Way of Honor."

"A Way of Honor" is the title of the book by Rev. Dr. Henry Kingman of Claremont, California. The book is a compilation of sermons given in the Congregational church at Claremont where half the attendants are Pomona College students. We agree with those who heard them and requested their publication, that they have a wider mssage than their mere pulpit use made possible. Fourteen in all, some of the topics are: A Way of Honor, A Good Fight, Making a Convenience of Christ, With Feet of Clay, The Ancient and Honorable Company of the Church, The Obedience of Jesus, The Power of Affirmation, The Reproach of Christ, Life Through Victory, God First, The Sinlessness of Jesus, A Life Purpose.

We realize as we dip into these sermons here and there that the people of Claremont, the college students and the college professors are receiving from Sunday to Sunday in a thoroughly inspirational way those things which impel to living for the best. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"—these are the things on which they are led to think and after which to seek.

"We are not sent here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the battle, face it!
'Tis God's gift."

"The Way of Honor" is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, $1.00 net.

"Perspectives of the Spirit."

"Perspectives of the Spirit" by Willard Brown Thorp, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Diego, consists of brief and striking paragraphs on a variety of topics: Expression, The Task, Inclusiveness, Frustrations, Storm and Stress, Courage, The Latent Good, Lending a Hand, Friendship, God and Religion, being among them.

We see the good that is being built into life as it is being lived in San Diego in and through the First Congregational Church as we turn the pages of this little volume of 94 pages.

"It is easy to stand for ideals when one is at a distance from the facts," says our San Diego pastor. "The test is to stand for ideals when one is face to face with the facts. Our problem is to idealize the man with whom we have daily dealings, to invest his need with the sacredness of all human need, his sorrow with the majesty of all human sorrow, to look beneath the shabbiness and meanness of his exterior semblance and become aware of the soul within."

And again: "There are places in every man's life where eternal goodness looks out from beneath the evil and asks to be given a chance. And these are the places at which we must lay hold of the man if we are to help him."

Under Storm and Stress" we read: "Stop grumbling because you have a burden. It is a part of your life; it is not meant that you should be without one. Stop envying your neighbor because his load is not so heavy as yours. You do not know what his load is."

As to the World, God and Man, we find this thought: "The world is not yet an organism. It is in process of being organized. The first chapter of Genesis might be rewritten today in the present tense. The Spirit of God is brooding over the face of the great deep. God has said Let there be light and the light is coming. God has said, Let there be order, and order is coming; God has said, Let there be man in our image, after our likeness, and man is coming into his image and into his likeness. All this is taking place today. We are in the midst of creation."

"Perspectives of the Spirit" is published in attractive form by the Denrich Press, Chula Vista, California.

A NEW BOOK BY THE REV. CHARLES R. BROWN.

"The Modern Man's Religion."

In an introduction to this volume Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, says that from both teachers and students alike had come many requests for an opportunity to hear a new and fresh statement of some of the fundamental principles of religion. "In the break-up of conventional ideas which has been so marked a characteristic of the generation in which we live, many intelligent men and women have lost clue to the meaning of religion and its significance for human life. They have been led hither and yon by strange and often superficial teachings which frequently confused without enlightening." Accordingly addresses by "a consummate master of the art of expression and by a religious teacher of vigorous and independent mind" were offered as a corrective, at Columbia University, and are now sent forth more widely. Dr. Butler says: "There is a fashionable affectation, often offensively manifested, that religion is superstition, religious service idolatry, and religious discussion futile." To those who are so unfortunate as to be in the grasp of an affectation like this a careful reading of the addresses by Mr. Brown is commended by President Butler.

They are on Truth and Life, The Worth of Incomplete Knowledge, A Deepening Experience, The Practical Use of the Bible, Fellowship Through Service.

In the first of the addresses Mr. Brown says that the desire of the one who arranged for them was not to have presented a history of religion, or a philosophy of religion,

or some particular system of religious dogmatism or ecclesiastical method, but "to have set forth in direct fashion religion itself as an experience, as a life,—a life to be lived under modern conditions of thought and action. "

In Mr. Brown's usual terse and incisive style, that is what these addresses will help to do—make religion an experience, a life to be lived under present day conditions.

W quote one paragraph: "You will but construe the Christian life under modern conditions as you do it in terms of privilege rather than in terms of hard moral necessity. Christianity is not a new and more exacting set of rules than can be found in the Ten Commandments. It is not a more searching system of ethics to become at once the allurement and the despair of our faulty moral natures. The Christian message is a gospel, a piece of good news, the announcement of a privilege which stands before us like a wide-open door. And duty under the Christian regime is not a hard, impersonal thing holding the moral nature in a vise. Duty is the loving sense of compulsion from within which a man feels when in a filial spirit he recognizes that his interests and the eternal Father's interests are all one. His sense of duty impels and permits him to say 'I must be about my Father's business.' He asks nothing better than to share in the Father's work and to share in the ultimate rewardof it."

(Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.00 net. Postage, 10 cents.)

PETER IN THE FIRELIGHT.

This new book by William Allen Knight, somewhat longer than his usual sketches, is assured already of a warm welcome from the friends who have found a charm in his former books, and will certainly widen the author's ever increasing circle of readers. "Peter in the Firelight" is a story told by the aged St. John, the beloved disciple, whose rare and beautiful spirit transfuses the entire narrative. The language is pleasing in its clarity, and the word pictures presented are surprisingly vivid. Especially is this true of Peter's denial, and the scene by the fire in the court yard is full of dramatic poignancy. The loving, impulsive personality of Peter, accentuated by Mr. Knight, becomes more real than ever. Upon the cover of the volume is a striking picture in three colors, from an original painting by the illustrator, Charles Copeland. In the book itself, Rembrandt's famous painting of the denial, and two other beautiful photogravures appear as illustrations. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston; price, 60 cents net; postage 7 cents.)

NEGLECTED FIELDS CONSULTATION.

The visit of the Home Missions Council deputation to San Francisco, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5 and 6, was of unique interest to the home mission workers of the state.

A large attendance was not expected at the sessions, as it was meant to be merely a consultation between representatives of national home missionary societies of various denominations and their workers on the field. The members of the deputation who were in San Francisco were Dr. Banner (Baptist), Dr. Platt (M. E.), Dr. McCash (Disciple), Dr. MacAfee (Presbyterian) and Rev. R. L. Breed (Congregationalist), with Dr. Wooddy (Baptist) and Dr. Holt Presbyterian), both of Portland, Oregon. Dr. Banner is chairman of the Home Missions Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Dr. MacAfee, a layman connected with the Presbyterian Home Missions Board, was the secretary of the deputation, and has in charge the details of the "state survey" of neglected fields and overchurched communities, which the ultimate object of the series of consultations.

Dr. Herring, of our own Home Missionary Society, was not present, but Congregationalists were glad to make the acquaintance of Reuben L. Breed, the new assistant secretary, who took an active and helpful part in the work of the deputation.

The first session was given up to carefully prepared papers on nine different topics, taking up separate divisions of the home mission work. The list of topics and speakers was published in a previous number of **The Pacific.** Several of the papers were illustrated with charts, and will probably be published later. Many of them showed very careful and comprehensive study of the work presented.

It was announced by members of the deputation that the Home Missions Council had already undertaken plans for federated work among Indians and in lumber and mining camps. At the suggestion of the deputation a committee was appointed consisting of two representatives from each denomination, to prepare a survey of religious work in the northern part of this state, collecting facts by school districts in all counties north of the Tehachapi. Rev. L. D. Rathbone and Rev. S. C. Patterson will represent Congregationalists on this State Survey Committee.

The evening meeting was given to addresses by members of the deputation on the problem of home missions in the cities.

Wednesday morning, the work among Indians and Orientals on the Coast was considered at some length, and the subject of overchurched communities was freely discussed by the leputation and the workers present. Dr. MacAfee stated that it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure home missionary funds because of the prevalent idea that missionary money is being put into fields already overchurched.

The Colorado survey was referred to, as showing that to a considerable extent the idea is a mistaken one, that the number of unoccupied fields is astonishing. This, however, only accentuated the importance of avoiding duplication of effort where it does occur. The only way to restore the confidence of givers in the East is to present the actual facts of the church situation, as they will be collected through state survey.

A statement was made from the floor that the majority of towns in California of from 6,000 to 12,000 people, have three to five churches, and on an average three out of five are receiving home missionary aid. This statement was qualified by other speakers, but admitted to be near the truth. The fact was emphasized, however, that the country districts in the state, unlike the East, are very poorly supplied with religious opportunities.

After the close of the morning session, the deputation were entertained at a Chinese feast, given by the Standing Committee of American Workers among Orientals, at which the Oriental work of the various churches was strongly presented by different speakers.

GEORGE W. HINMAN.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, First.—Two persons were received to membership at the communion service last Sunday.

Mill Valley.—A reception was given to the new pastor and wife last Thursday evening. Superintendent Rathbone was present and brought the greetings and well-wishes of the larger fellowship. Dr. Cull of the Richmond Church, San Francisco, was one of the speakers as was also the Rev. Mr. Stevens of San Rafael. Mr. Oakley, who took charge recently, has gained in this short time a strong hold on the community.

Pasadena, First.—Thirty-three new members were received December 3rd, six on confession of their faith. In beginning the third year of his pastorate Dr. Fox recently sent out a pastoral letter to all members of the church, urging that each select some special work in the church for the coming year. President Blaisdell of Pomona College is giving his series of four addresses on "The Secrets of Apostolic Efficiency" on successive Wednesday evenings to large and deeply interested audiences. The subjects for the four addresses are: The Social Secret, The Intellectual Secret, The Dynamic Secret, and The Resultant Secret.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND

The New Pastorate.

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump entered on the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday.

He was presented to the congregation by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary. Dr. Nash brought the loving greetings of Dr. McLean, the pastor emeritus, who had expected to be present but was unexpectedly kept away.

An affectionate message with words of Godspeed out of the heart of the Rev. Charles R. Brown, received by Mr. Jump on Saturday evening by telegraph, was read. And then Dr. Nash extended the greetings and congratulations of the Congregational fellowship hereabouts.

The Sunday was the one for the observance of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and there was no sermon—only a brief talk preparatory to this observance.

In response to the greeting Mr. Jump referred to the achievements of the First Church in the half century of its existence, and remarked that a call to such a work as it now had to do was a challenge to a man's courage and consecration and power in prayer. For spirituality and democracy and generosity, he said, it was not easy to find a parallel for this Oakland church; and so it was with a feeling of awe that he entered on the pastorate, and yet with knowledge of the fact that there opened up before him thus a door of great opportunity.

In the evening the sermon was on "The Appraisal of the Christ." Text: "What think ye of Christ."

Mr. Jump said in part:

"There is no greater thing in the world than a great question. There is no greater question in the world than our text, "What think ye of Christ?" This is the most significant query recorded in scripture: it is the most persistent problem in religious history: it is the most fundamental question which a human soul can ever put to himself.

"There are questions which men ask and answer that are petty and incidental. They have no more to do with the deep-going and far-flung realities of life than the tiny tin spoon of the baby sitting on the sand by the seashore has to do with the advance of the ocean tide. But there are other questions of a far different order. They are like the steamshovel of a great dredge that digs out a harbor for mighty ships. These questions plunge down into the unfathomed depths of things: they grope among the infinities and eternities: and when they reappear with the answers they have won, it seems almost as if the foundations of the human soul were being uncovered. So, of this challenge which serves us for a text—"What think ye of Christ?" to hear it within the soul is to begin one's spiritual adventures. To answer it aright is to be saved."

After considering various answers to this question, "What think ye of Christ," the preacher continued:

"The task of a Christian is to find out what Christ means to him. Jesus is the spiritual influence that brings harvests in my soul. If I give Him supreme value for my life, I can the more easily be excused if I fail to give Him a correct definition. Not that definitions are unimportant. Not that serious theological thinking can be dispensed with. We need keen, rational, incontrovertible Christian theology in this age of the world and in the pulpits of this age more than in any previous age. It must furnish the bridge piers from which we swing the far-stretching arches of our splendid social and philanthropic endeavor. But the dissemination of a proper dogma is not the prior consideration. The first thing is to make men follow Christ. If they really try to do His will, they will in the course of time learn of the doctrine. A system of divinity is the reaping from a way of life. A creed is the child of a spiritual loyalty. Know Christ as the supreme fact in your experience, and all these things shall be added unto you.

"Men used to say that Christianity was an intellectual inheritance. They have said that its ideal was orthodoxy, and that its tests were doctrinal. This is not so. A man is judged not by the contents of his creed but by the attitude of soul that writes the creed. Never mind about the phrases, if only the mood that composes the phrases is the mood of a worshipping disciple. Jerry McAuley and Henry Ward Beecher could probably discover few identites in their theology, but there was a splendid identity in their valuation of the Christ. The details of your articles of belief mater little, provided that in your articles of belief, exercising sway over every department of them, giving tone and spirit to all your search after God and the God-like things, the Son of Man sits supreme upon his throne of authority, wears as his crown the noblest attributes you can conceive for any man and by his moral majesty controls all the outgoings of your life. Some men study the Christ—this is not Christianity. Some men respect the Christ, approve the Christ, even congratulate the Christ—this is not Christianity. Some men define the Christ, or try to—this also is not Christinanity. Some men adore the Christ—that is Christianity. Adoration is not depending upon definition. Adoration can be one, though definitions may be many. All creeds sound alike before the mercy-seat. There is no doctrinal system in the Lord's prayer. What the sad sinning race of humanity needs these days is not so much a Christ as an object of philosophizing—it needs a Christ as an object of its love. We will give up all the dogmas if only we may keep the cross."

IMPERIAL VALLEY.

Rev. H. P. Case has just completed his annual tour of the Imperial country, visiting Elder, Heber, Jasper and Calexico. He was not able to reach Verde this year.

Mr. Case's visits are always very helpful. He has many friends in this section and receives a warm welcome whenever he comes.

At a recent special election the city of Imperial voted in the saloon. As soon as the count was made and the results known, there was a general uprising of temperance people all over the Valley. The Ministerial Union, under the leadership of its president, Rev. R. L. Glasby, immediately took up the fight.

A mass-meeting was called at Imperial, to which delegates from every toyn in the Valley were sent. The concensus of opinion of the meeting seemed to be that a county organization, called by some name to be decided upon later, must be effected to fight the saloon as man to man, and see that it does not fasten itself upon this fair land.

The Imperial City Council has been simply deluged yith petitions from every town signed by the business men in each town requesting them not to grant license for a saloon. There has not been so much excitement in the Valley since the days of the flood.

That the City Council of Imperial will consider the petitions of its own citizens and the citizens of the other towns requesting them to withhold license is not doubted.

The temperance people feel like exclaiming with that patriot of old, "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Peace."

MINISTERS' MEETING.

An address on "The Chinese Revolution" will be delivered by Ng Poon Chew, editor of the Chung Sai Yat—Chinese Daily—and adviser of the Imperial Chinese Consulate General—at the ministers meeting at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, Monday, December 18, at 11 a. m.

CONGREGATIONAL CLUB MEETING.

Forefathers' Day will be observed by the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity. The meeting will be December 21st in the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

There will be an address of welcome by the Rev. A. W. Palmer; response by Rev. H. A. Jump. The principal address will be by the Rev. Dr. Aked on "The Pilgrim Faith and the Pilgrim Men."

This will be "Ladies' Night," and members are privileged to invite guests. Reception at 6:30. Dinner at 7. One dollar per plate.

WASHINGTON.

Black Diamond, Wash., a mining town, received an impetus in its religious life during the Thanksgiving holidays as a result of the visit of a Gospel Team, consisting of five students from the University of Washington Y. M. C. A., Stephen D. Pyle, Secretary of the Association, and Charles A. Gummere, the field secretary of the State Y. M. C. A.

On Friday evening, December 1st, an indoor baseball game was played with a local scrub team, the purpose of the college men being to come in social contact with the young men of the community.

Religious meetings were held for the whole town on Saturday and Sunday evenings, the college men taking full charge, with Mr. Gummere as the speaker. At the last meeting there were twelve decisions for the Christian life.

Saturday was "Boy's Day," and on Sunday afternoon Physical Director Hall, of the University, gave a stereoptican lecture to men on "A Man's Physical Development.

Hhe meetings were so successful that the University Y. M. C. A. is planning similar trips to other towns in the future.

Rev. Richard Bushell is pastor of the Congregational Church at Black Diamond.

The Home.

GIVE THE FAMILY THE BEST

Husband and father, this little preachment is for you. You are no worse than multitudes, perhaps much better, but however good, a short sermon will not hurt you. Like the preacher and most of his hearers you are not your best at home. You are forced to be civil and sometimes kind outside the threshold of your own home, but when once within the precincts of home you are "lord of your castle," and may unbend and take liberties, be reserved, listless, careless, unsympathetic, be cold, and critical, and harsh, and sarcastic, and domineering, and tyrannical, and cruel without being arested, ostracised or deposed. You never meant to do so. It is not a preconceived plan. You do not want to do so. You strive and pray that you may not. Nevertheless you do. What matters it whether your intentions are good or bad so long as you must plead guilty? Are not the practical results the same?

The mitigating circumstances of ill health or overwork or business cares are no excuse.They cannot force you to be unkind, unnatural or inhuman. The heart of the beloved wife bleeds just the same, and the tender children shrink in fear and are robbed of the joy and inspiration your constant love and tenderness should bring them.

Oh! it does not pay. You are at liberty to give free rein to the baser qualities of your nature, and not hold in the spirit with bit and bridle nor let love always be supreme, but the freedom is costly. It will surely return as a boomerang upon your own head. Your own conscience will ever be an accusing witness, and the love that naturally belongs to you, and which you fain would receive, will be gradually crucified and God in retribution will leave you to your own undoing. When the careworn face of that beloved wife is cold in death it will be too late to tell out your love or to show the little kindnesses you know how to manifest outside the home, and which her heart yearned for, and which you had opportunity to bestow times without number. It will then be too late to make confession and restitution and bring back the wasted years; too late to redeem your married life from destruction, to weave again the sweet and fragrant myrtle wreath of bridal days, to plant the olive branch of family peace, to wave together palms of victory over temptations, discouragements and defeats mastered.

When the precious child lies motionless in its casket, or, worse still, lies a moral wreck, when you realize

that you robbed your child, beyond the hope of restoration, of the tender love and patience and forbearance and wise counsel and affectionate admonition which was yours to give and his to receive. Then it will be too late to repair the damage done, to begin anew the paternal duties neglected, to comfort, cheer and encourage the heart and mold and beautify the character as only a father can.

"YOU LOVE WHAT YOU LIKE!"

"You can have love only the things you like," says a writer in The Christian Register. This first sentence does not seem very startling, I admit, but it is the supreme though hidden law of all romance. All of us in our youth are training ourselves by our secret likes and dislikes for that ultimate great fall upward, into love.

I once knew a boy, and if you had asked him what the things he liked best in the world were, he would not have been able to tell you very well, because there were so many things he liked. Now, your love, which is going to put a cupid's arrow through your heart some day, is made up of the things you really liked best whether you are able to tell about them or not; and the things this boy really liked best were these: He liked the open air, and sports, and games, and the wind, and the ice; he liked trees, especially the graceful ones, although he did not go out to look at them and talk about them; he liked the clump of birches in his front yard, especially when they swayed about in the wind, and he would not have had them cut down for anything. He liked good company—to go off with a number of other fellows into the woods or up the mountain, and laugh and and fool and sing together. He liked music, especially the music of one low-toned bird song which he heard often in the woods in the evening.

Most of all, perhaps he liked the look in his mother's eyes when she laughed, and when she was going to say good-by to him as he went off to school in the morning; and there was something also about the music of her voice which he loved, although he had never even thought of it till after she was dead and he could hear her no more.

Now one day this boy was walking on the board walk on one of the side streets of his town. It was one of the early days of spring. He met a girl coming toward him. He knew her as well as he knew anyone. He had known her and her people since he had been a tiny boy. But, as she came walking toward him, he suddenly began to admire her graceful way of walking, with a strange little sway in it like the clump of birch trees in the wind somehow. The wind was blowing her hair over her forehead in a thousand golden strands which the sun lit up till they simply shone like gold. How strong, how much at home she looked in the open air, in the wind! She laughed when she recognized him, and he had never noticed before how like was the sound of her voice to the low-toned song of that bird he used to hear in the woods at evening. Then he caught just a glimpse of her eyes beneath the lashes. Why had he never noticed it before? They had that same good, honest, tender look that somebody else's used to have when he was a little boy going off to school. He tried to get another glimpse of them; but, as he tried to do so, he felt a sharp pain like the running of a keen needle blade through his heart. All this happened in less than a second.

Then they stopped and talked and laughed and shook hands and parted. But from that day till he told her all about it he could not do a single thing like a rational man. He did not know what had happened. He does not know yet.

He had nobody but himself to blame. What happened was simply this. All his life he had been training himself to like things, and one day all the song and music and strength and tenderness he loved best in life met him, and he fell ten thousand fathoms deep in love, and at last reports, although this all happened years ago, he is falling in deeper still at the rate of about three hundred and sixty-five fathoms a year and three hundred and sixty-six in leap years. Why? Because the right man met the right girl.

Why is it that so many of the girls who have loud laughs and hard eyes and tell cheap stories and walk ungracefully also are popular? Why, because there are some boys who do not like out of doors, or trees, or strength, or tenderness, or music, or grace best of all. There are some boys who like to sit on the dump, looking at the empty tomato cans, telling ugly stories. Some day they, too, meet the girl who reminds them of all these things they like best. They, too, think they have fallen in love. A little painted, grinning, hunchback cupid does leap out from her eyes and, drawing a blunt arrow, does fire it at his heart, and it may stick there for a time. But as for falling ten thousand fathoms deep in love, why, it is impossible for he and she are both too shallow. They love what they like best. They never can get very far away from the dump and the cans and stories in which their tastes were trained.

WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR MANNERS

In Christian society, where the women are tolerably free, it is they who are largely responsible for the condition of manners. In the absence of the severe physical restraints imposed on women in Moslem society and in much heathen society, tenderness and protection are due from men to women, and for a considerable proportion of their lives a measure of privacy or "touch-me-not" reserve is their right.

Every gentleman recognizes these natural rights of women, and every man who is not absolutely brutal recognizes the woman's claim on him because of her relative delicacy of body.

On these chivalrous sentiments toward women the manners of civilized men are in large part formed; so that men are liable to lose all standards in manners whenever any considerable proportion of the women who come within their field of observation show themselves unworthy of these sentiments in men by becoming themselves coarse, combative, rude, and lacking in modesty, or by creasing to condemn in their male companions insolence, violence, selfishness, and the ungenerous use of strength or power.—Dr. C. W. Eliot in the Century.

Although a gem be cast away,
And lie obscured in heaps of clay,
Its precious worth is still the same;
Although vile dust be whirled to heaven,
To such no dignity is given,
Still base as when from earth it came.

—Saadi.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life—while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise;
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of stars that long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near, as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me—through the dusk returning
I hear the echo of departed feet;
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearning,
"What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?"

"Must the old joys be evermore withholden?"
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;
And yet from our Jerusalem the Golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer,
Stifle my love or give me back the past;
Give me the fair old fields, whose pathes are dearer
Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace! Peace! The Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife,
Out of His throne no streams of Lethe floweth
But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life, ay, life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will he restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompletenesss
Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth no more.

Serve him in daily toil and holy living
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

Our Young People

GRANDMA'S ALARM CLOCK.

Grandma looked at the clock. The short hand was at two, the long hand was at twelve.

"It is two o'clock, grandma," said little John, who could tell what time it was by that big clock in the hall, although watches were still a puzzle.

Just then the clock struck "one, two." Grandma smiled, John smiled.

"I was wondering," observed grandma, with another glance at the c'ock, "I was wondering if I have time to take a wee nap?"

Little John began to feel uncomfortable. He was afraid grandma really meant that he should take a nap. When mother went away, that morning, with baby and two older children, she told John that, if he would be a good boy and stay home to take care of grandma, he needn't go to sleep after luncheon. John was sure grandma wouldn't make him take a nap after mother said that, but she might ask him if he would like to have a little rest with her. John was a polite child, and grandma was so much more beautiful than any other grandma he ever saw, it was easier for a boy to do what she wished than to do as he wished himself. John was sure he would have to lie down and close his eyes if grandma asked him, so he looked at the clock again and frowned.

"Why, I forgot to give my little bantam rooster his dinner!" declared little John. "When you said you would tell me stories so I wouldn't get lonesome, it made me forget my little rooster. Now don't worry about me, grandma! If you want to take a nap, you just take it. I'll have to feed the rooster, and then I'll play with my new engine out on the back porch."

Grandma smiled and rubbed her glasses. "Very well," she answered. "And, John dear, you needn't keep too quiet, because I mustn't take a long nap this afternoon."

Sometimes when grandma went to sleep after luncheon, she didn't wake up for two or three hours, so John was glad she didn't intend to take a long nap that day, because the house seemed lonely. He decided that, as grandma said she mustn't take a long nap, he would play that his engine was obliged to be noisy when it was about time for the clock to strike three.

If grandma had told John that she didn't intend to sleep more than fifteen minutes, how he would have stared. He didn't know a word about the beautiful surprise awaiting him.

When mother left home that morning, she told John that she was going to Aunt Mary's in the city; that she intended to leave the children before luncheon. John wished to go, too, but mother explained that some one must stay with grandma.

After her boy went to feed the little rooster, grandma looked at the clock again, and shook her head. "What if I should oversleep?" said she. Norah, the housemaid, was gone for the afternoon. The house was perfectly still.

"Let me see," grandma continued aloud. "If we meet my daughters and the children at the station in time for the three o'clock car for the beach, John and I must leave here at half-past two. We will need only fifteen minutes to get ready in, which leaves me fifteen minutes for a cat nap." Grandma usually called a short sleep a cat nap.

"I don't know," grandma said to herself, as she settled down among the cushions on the couch, "I don't feel sure that I ought to do this without an alarm clock on the chair beside me." Nevertheless, grandma closed her eyes and quickly fell asleep.

The big clock in the hall ticked, ticked, ticked away the minutes. Grandma was sound, sound asleep. Five minutes passed, ten minutes, eleven minutes, twelve minutes; then grandma dreamed that she awoke. Thirteen minutes—and she dreamed that she washed John's face and combed his hair. Thirteen minutes and seven seconds—grandma dreamed she was telling John about the beautiful surprise: how they were to meet mother, Aunt Mary, and the children at the city station, and go on the three o'clock car, the latest car for the seashore, where they were to have a picnic dinner and come home by moonlight.

Fourteen minutes—grandma dreamed that she and

John were skimming along the country to the seashore—bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump—such a beautiful, peaceful ride,—bumpety-bump, bumpety-bump—over the rails.

Fact is. grandma was so sound asleep she might have slept until five o'clock if something unusual hadn't happened.

Norah let the side screen door open. The little rooster, having eaten his dinner and straightened his feathers, went for a walk when little John began to play cars. He reached the side porch, hopped up the steps, and. if you will believe it, walked in the open door. To be sure, he paused politely a moment, with head cocked on one side, as if waiting for some one to say, "Come right in and take a chair."

At last, just as the big clock in the hall said fifteen minutes after two, the bantam rooster crowed, "Oo—oo—ooh—ooh, OOH—OOH—OOH—OOH!" in shrillest tones.

Grandma stirred uneasily. She dreamed that the car was whistling for the seaside station. She didn't like to get off the car. Again came the long, shrill whistle. and prepared to leave the car. She really sat straight on the couch and opened her eyes in a dazed "Wheream-I?" fashion.

There stood the little rooster on the chair, arching his pretty neck ready to crow a third time, and crow he did.

"There, there!" remonstrated grandma, with a glance at the clock, "that's enough.,I'm awake, thank you, sir, just in time. You come in the kitchen with me and I'll give you a piece of custard pie. You deserve it."

Grandma did give the little bantam rooster a piece of custard pie. and she didn't make him eat the crust, either.

"We wouldn't be here if it wasn't for our little rooster," said John, when he and grandma met mother, Aunt Mary, and the children, in the city station at three o'clock.—

Frances Margaret Fox, in Little Folks.

LEGEND OF THE MIGNONETTE.

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had a daughter who was the most beautiful princess ever seen. But she was so amiable and good that people forgot how beautiful she was and only spoke of her goodness. She had long go'den curls, but, when the maid combed them and got the fine hair tangled, the princess never cried or got cross. At the table she never spilled her soup, and used her napkin and knife and fork properly. When the king and queen had to go on long trips, the princess did not cry or pout to go with them. She was so lovely and good that the queen of the fairles heard of her and determined to reward her. So she went to the palace and entered the presence of the princess.

"I have come to tell you," said the fairy, "that I have heard of your beauty and kindness and have come to reward you. Here are three wishes. Choose which you want, and it is yours. First. you may be a bird, to go from one end of the earth to the other with no one to say nay or to interfere. Second, you may be a butterfly, with no care in the world, only to be gay and happy and beautiful and to charm those who want to be happy during a summer day. Third, you may be a flower whose sweet perfume will cheer those who are unhappy, soothe them when they are sick, and will be a cheerful companion always."

Then the princess said: "If I were a bird, I might fly too far from my home and friends and forget to return, so I will not be a bird. If I were a butterfly, I might think more of my pleasure and ease than of my duty, and my beauty might cause me to be vain. So I will be the flower, to help and comfort those who may be in need."

Then the fairy queen waved her wand, and the princess became the flower Mignonette.

WHAT CHARLIE LOST.

"Charlie James lost something last night," said the professor to a class of boys one Monday afternoon.

"What was it?" asked one.

"Something valuable," said the professor gravely.

Charlie James was looking up at the professor with as much curiosity as the other boys.

"Where did he lose it?" asked another.

"Up by the church," answered the professor.

Charlie moved a little uneasily.

"What time was it?" asked a boy.

"About half past eight," replied the professor.

Charlie dropped his head.

"Was it a dollar?" asked one boy.

"No." The professor shook his head. "It was worth much more than a dollar—yes, than ten, twenty dollars."

"Can't we go hunt it?" suggested one of the class who was always ready to hunt lost things.

"No," replied the professor. "Nobody can ever find it but Charlie, and it will take him a good long time."

The class sat puzzled for a moment.

"Do you want to know what it was?"

All the boys were looking up, eager to know—all except Charlie—his head was down.

"It was the good opinion of five good men." The professor spoke seriously. During Church services last night Charlie was on the outside running around. He thought it would be fun to pry a window up a few inches and let it drop with a bang. He did it—and, of course was seen. And when service was over I heard five or six men—good men, important men—speaking about the boy's conduct. They were much surprised; they had thought well of Charlie and had believed he was going to grow up to be a manly, useful young fellow. But now—well, they shook their heads; that kind of conduct was a mighty bad start."

The professor spoke regretfully, and looked disapointed too.

"Strange how some boys do not understand what is fun and what is not. Strange they forget how valuable a good name is; how much it is worth to have the good opinion of a good man, and how foolish it is to lose that good opinion by some silly little trick that is not any real fun at all. Every right-thinking person wants boys to have fun. They like to see you have a good time. But whenever a boy, or a man, tries to have fun by wronging or disturbing others, it makes out a bad case for him, and he loses part of the good opinion people have of him."

—William H. Hamby, in "Young Christian Soldier."

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And the same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying. —Herrick.

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.
—George Eliot.

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HOPE'S SONG.

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone;
Singing as if God had taught it,—
"It is better farther on."

Night and day it sings the sonnet,
Sings it while I sit alone,
Sings it so my heart will hear it:
"It is better farther on."

Sits upon the grave and sings it,
Sings when the heart would groan,
Sings it when the shadows darken:
"It is better farther on."

"Farther on! How much farther?
Count the milestones one by one?
No; no counting, only trusting,
'It is better farther on.'"

"If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the plain that hides the way,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.
"When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known,
Love, beyond the Orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart we bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away."

—Selected.

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